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Agricultural.

CHRISTMAS DISPLAY OF MEATS.

The butchers of Detroit have always been noted for the tasty displays of meats which they make at Christmas. This year, while none of them have selected any of the over-fatted animals sent in to the market, for Christmas, in looking over the stalls we do not recollect of ever seeing as much really good beef and poultry. The poultry this year is in large supply and exceptionally good, and is selling at much lower rates than is usual at this season of the year. Last week in company with Mr. Wm. Wreford we took a ride around the city and visited a number of the markets.

On Michigan Avenue we called on Mr. Wm. Davey, who always makes it a point to keep in the front rank at all times during the year, and at Christmas time let out a link, and get a little ahead of his competitors. We found a fine selection of beef, pork, mutton, poultry and dried meats, laid out in an enticing manner, and it would be a hard customer who could not be satisfied here.

Further down the Avenue are three more of the Daveys'; Edward, Thomas and John. The faculty of running first-class meat shops seems to be an inheritance of this family, for in each shop we found the same neatness and attention to details that is bred and not acquired.

On Woodward Avenue Mr. Wm. Baxter had a large and attractive display of meats and poultry. The two Devon stags that we mentioned last week were dressed and hung up. These, with some other fine quality, Southdown sheep and a few nice pigs, gave his customers a fine selection from that was not surpassed in the city.

In the block above, Mr. A. G. Loosemore gladdened the hearts of his customers with a choice selection of all classes of meats and poultry, but prided himself more especially on his hogs. In this part of his display he had some animals that have seldom been excelled in Detroit.

In the Central Market, our friend Thomas Barham was about the only one who attempted anything in the way of a Christmas display, and he had one of the best stalls of good useful meats that there was in the city. But the class of trade that Barham has secured requires good meats at all times, and the difference is not so marked as in many cases between Christmas times and other seasons.

Capt. Owen did not spread himself to any great extent, in making a display, but with a fair stall of meats at all seasons and the Captain's entertaining manner, he secures a fair share of the trade in the Central Market.

John Wreford, or "Johnnie Sands" as he is known among the boys, secured some choice animals, and stands ready to weigh all comers that they cannot be excelled for quality by any of his competitors.

Anthony Petz has a nice trade among a class of customers that want good meats. He seems to it that they are accommodated, not only at Christmas but at all other times.

Over in the Mansfield market more attention is paid to Christmas displays. If our friend Billy Smith could not get up and bump himself once a year, this would have no pleasures for him. He has always set the pace for his competitors, and while some of them have made it slightly warm for him, none have yet succeeded in heading him. Since our notice of last week we have had the pleasure of discussing the quality of rib roast from one of the Remick steers, and we can say in the language of the poet, that it was "good enough for poor people."

point of interest centering on the heifer purchased from Switzer & Ackley, which we mentioned last week. She was hung up whole, and dressed out better than her appearance indicated when alive.

The Fitzpatrick Brothers had an excellent display. Two choice heifers hung up whole served as corner pieces for their stalls, and between the two were hung choice specimens of sheep and poultry.

At the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Riopelle Street, is located the retail meat store of Mr. Wm. Wreford. His trade is largely made up of the elite of the city who reside on this Avenue. They are good liveries, and Wreford makes it a point to cater to their appetites. For Christmas he gave them a fine variety to make their selections from, and as far as quality was concerned, his customers had nothing to complain of.

SUNDRY ITEMS.

AN EXTRA CALF.

C. H. Butler, a subscriber of the FARMER, brought to market in Paw Paw last week a calf 288 days old, which weighed 780 lbs. gross, and the dressed carcass three days after killing, weighed 491 lbs., dressing 63 lbs. to the hundred. The gain per day was 2.70 lbs. The noted Shorthorn steer Kirklevington, at the recent fat stock show in Chicago, gained 2.51 lbs. per day for the first 645 days, and by a comparison of these figures it will be seen that the probabilities are that this steer gained faster for the period of its existence than that noted animal. Mr. Butler has quite a reputation for feeding up to maximum weights. He sold a calf to the same party last year that was nearly equal to this. They were both nearly pure-bred Shorthorns, and were sold at \$6 per hundred live weight. Nothing equaling this was ever seen in the markets of this town; it drew large crowds every day and was the theme of every knot of farmers who gathered for any purpose. If Mr. Butler makes another trial, it is hoped he will continue a year longer at least.

VARIATIONS IN TEMPERATURE.

Until this (December 26) morning the thermometer has registered but seven degrees below zero on the high ground around Paw Paw, and 10 to 12 deg. below in the valley along the river and flat lands, surrounding. This morning, two miles east of the town, it was only four below at six o'clock, while in the village it ran down to 23 below. One gentleman reports 27 below at five o'clock, but the general range was 20 to 23 below. The difference in altitude is not more than 75 feet. In Mr. Eagle's orchard, south of Paw Paw, the altitude is 150 feet or more above, and he reports four deg. below at six. The wide difference is not easily accounted for, so nearly in the same locality. The night was very still and the cold air seems to have settled rapidly and filled the valleys. Peach-growers consider their crop safe up to the present. Although perhaps ten per cent of the buds are killed, there is a sufficient number left, if no greater severity comes, to insure a full crop. But peach men are nervous and are watching with much anxiety the reports of cold waves and areas of low temperature in other peach sections. Three years with no peaches but plenty of yellow would be rather discouraging to growers, and many would be ready to dig out the balance of the trees and try something less precarious.

THE HARD TIMES.

Whether it is because the tax-gatherer's notices have appeared, or because every one is voicing the same lugubrious story and the infection has struck in, the fact is very evident that farmers are putting on long faces when the calls for giving are heard, and complain of short purses. Many think they are economizing. They move back one or two pews in the church and drop nickels and three-cent pieces into the contribution boxes instead of the wonted dimes. They move the cook stove into the sitting room to economize fuel, and bring home sugar of a little darker shade, which they think will do for hard times. They get another pound of this for a dollar, and feel good over it, until it is placed on the table for use, when they find it takes more to sweeten their coffee and it spoils the flavor. These little economies may save ten dollars in the year, but the average farmer cannot afford to scant his table, his apparel, or his sanctuary privileges for so small a sum. His extravagance is not usually shown in these expenditures, and their curtailment will verge upon niggardliness. He may have contemplated buying a new well box cutter, or a piano for his daughter, or of adding 40 acres to his farm, or of swapping the old sorrels for a more fancy team. The economy which goes slow on luxuries, when funds are short, is commendable, but to cheat experience out of its zest, and make it a perpetual penance, is putting the ten dollars saved to a very bad use.

As an idea of what foreign capitalists are doing to obtain a foothold in the United States, it is said that Englishmen have invested \$5,000,000 in Montana ranches within the past year.

THE BLACKS AND WHITES.

Annual Meeting of the Michigan Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association was held in Lansing, December 20, 1884, and was called to order by the President, W. A. Rowley, of Mt. Clemens, who gave a very able address on subjects pertaining to the interests of this breed of cattle. It was as follows:

Gentlemen of the Association of Holstein Cattle Breeders of Michigan.—We meet once more in annual convention for the purpose of considering our interests as breeders of this noble race of Dutch cattle, and I presume that you expect from me at this time a few remarks touching the interests and purposes of this Association, and ourselves as breeders.

It is with pleasure I congratulate you upon the success of the Holstein cattle in this country and especially in our State. Look east, west, north or south, look in any direction you may, wherever you find them, they have given entire satisfaction. Wherever there has been one or more animals introduced in a neighborhood, there is sure to be a demand for more in a short time; and the increasing demand for these cattle, and from a class of men who are both watchful and careful, leads one to believe there is a great future before them.

This race of cattle combines all the qualities that are so useful to the general farmer; they are quiet and docile, easily managed, yet when aroused seem to have all the fire and life of a thoroughbred racehorse, a characteristic peculiar to this breed of cattle. Has there ever been introduced into this or any other country, a breed of cattle that has gained such a world-wide reputation in so short a time? They have a record that the most enthusiastic admirer hardly dared hope for, and they have made that record on their own merits. It is well for us to remember and ever bear in mind that we have an old and established breed of cattle. It has been said that in the hands of the skillful and experienced breeder, crooked backs and ill shaped forms could be moulded as they pleased. I think it would be well for us to be a little careful in our hurry to remodel this breed of cattle; a breed that the sturdy Hollanders have been hundreds of years in bringing to its present state of usefulness, a breed not adapted to the purposes of the day, which combines the three great qualities more perfectly than any other breed, milk, butter one beef.

If we wanted to make a specialty of beef we would choose the Shorthorn or Hereford; if butter, the Jersey or Guernsey; if an animal to simply please the eye, then I would select the fine, smooth and beautiful-colored Devon; but if we want a breed of cattle both beautiful and useful, (I say beautiful for I once saw a herd of heifers grazing in a field about half a mile away, all so nearly alike, the black and white so contrasting in the sun, I thought it the most beautiful sight I ever saw), and one that we can handle with both profit and satisfaction to ourselves, I say select the Dutch cattle. The reputation now is good, it can be no better; the question is, can we so breed and handle these cattle as to maintain that reputation? I will venture the assertion that there is not a herd of pure bred cattle in this State but what has got or has had inferior male animals; and if the breeder can put these on the market at a little more than they would be worth if steered, he is sure to do so.

Fellow breeders, this is all wrong, and I must earnestly urge the castration of all inferior male animals. The future success of our cattle demands it. What would have been the result if the Shorthorn breeders had put that in practice 50 years ago no man can tell; the neglect is plain. It seems perhaps a great sacrifice when there is such a ready demand for all pure-bred males for breeding purposes; it is not strange that one puts his own personal interests in preference to the general good and future usefulness of the breed. Our selection of breeding stock should be made with the greatest care, breeding only from such male animals as we know to be good; and do the best we can we shall make some mistakes. There are some, perhaps many of us, who do not realize the importance of giving our stock that care and attention throughbred stock should have. It is certainly painful to the breeder who has taken care and pains to get his calves in nice thrifty condition, to see them get into hands that know so little how to take care of them, and they go down, down, till they are a disgrace to the breed and the breeders themselves.

Most of us are inexperienced in the art of breeding, and it will not be strange if some, who having purchased largely of these cattle expecting to gain great notoriety as breeders of pure-bred stock, at the end of five or eight years find that the stock is no better or not as good as the original purchase, and get discouraged and disgusted with everything black and white, sell the cattle for little or nothing, and forever decry them as worthless. Such things have happened in the history of other breeds, and it will not be strange if it happens so with our cattle, for I ask how many of the thousands who have undertaken the breeding of thoroughbred stock have really been successful.

At the fat stock shows of Kansas City and Chicago premiums were offered on Holsteins, and the Holstein Breeders' Association offers additional amounts as prizes. The time has been too short to bring out many as yet, but this year Mr. Lucian Scott exhibited at Kansas City a Holstein cow, bred by the late Gottlieb H. B., 683 days old, weight 1,800 lbs., showing a daily average gain of 2.63 lbs.; a gain not equaled by any animal of any breed over one year old, at the show. This is gratifying for the first display, and should induce other breeders to make an effort in the same direction. Perhaps the steer was not quite as fat, or straight or round as some of the others, for they have not been bred for the last fifty years merely for straight backs and the show ring, but they have been bred to produce the most pounds of milk, the most pounds of butter, and the most pounds of beef; and I believe there is not a race of cattle to-day that dare compete with them in this combination.

I had hoped that something might be



Reversible Horse-Power, Manufactured by Morton Mfg. Co., Romeo, Mich.

said or done that would harmonize the two Associations and unite them as one. A union of these factions is desirable in the utmost degree, so we can go on in perfect union under one appropriate name, but at present I do not feel at liberty to suggest what I think will have to be done to gain that end.

The so-called pleuro-pneumonia or lung plague is very near us, and I presume there is not a breeder with us to-day who is not familiar with the demoralizing effect it has had in the herds of our Jersey breeders. Shielded as we have been in the past, it is not possible for us at present to fully realize or comprehend the extent of this fatal disease. It seems to me that every cattle breeder in Michigan, yes, in the United States, should not rest easy until the most stringent efforts are being made to arrest the progress of this dreaded disease. Importing and transporting as many of us are, what would be the result if a case or two of this lung plague should break out in one or more of our herds? Simply demoralizing and ruinous to the cattle industry of our State. We should be deeply interested in keeping our herds free from disease of a contagious nature; to that end we should join in any movement that will tend to prevent the spread of any such disease. We need State laws under which immediate action can be taken in case of an outbreak, and I recommend that this Association aid in obtaining the passage of such laws by the next legislature.

The Shorthorn breeders met this evening in this building, and hold over tomorrow. The President has invited this Association to meet with them at any time and particularly to-morrow evening, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to legislation on contagious diseases of live stock. As this is of common interest, and needs united action of all interested parties, I think all who will remain and attend that meeting.

Previous to the meeting of the national cattle convention which recently met at Chicago, deeming it important that this Association be represented there, I appointed Mr. Edwin Phelps of Pontiac, and W. K. Sexton, of Howell as delegates. Mr. Sexton did not attend, Mr. Phelps writes me that he is unable to attend this meeting, therefore I will read his report.

Mr. E. Phelps' report of the proceedings of the National Cattle Growers' Association held at Chicago was then read by the President.

Mr. I. H. Butterfield having also been in attendance, was called on. He stated that some did not believe that cattle disease existed, while others, and some who had it in their herds, were convinced that it did. One of the objects of the National Association is to stamp out all cattle diseases.

Mr. Butterfield next read a paper on "The Introduction of Holstein Cattle into Michigan." It was his purpose to put on record such items as would be of interest as time advanced.

Mr. E. R. Phillips read a paper on "Feeding the Milk Cow." Mr. Butterfield said agricultural chemists of Germany claim to have ascertained the exact amount of different kinds of food for the production of milk, also for beef; but experiments here have proved their statements unreliable.

It was resolved that this Association join the National Cattle Growers' Association.

On motion of E. R. Phillips, a committee of three was appointed by the President to confer with a like committee from the Shorthorn Breeders' Association, to select the name of some person to be presented to the National Cattle Growers' Association as one of the members of the Executive Committee. The name of Edwin Phelps was selected.

E. R. Phillips introduced the following motion, which was carried: "This Association shall be called the Michigan Holstein and Dutch Friesian Cattle Breeders' Association."

Mortons Improved Farm Machinery.

The Morton Mfg. Co. of Romeo, Mich., manufacture a variety of different articles of farm machinery which have met with a wide demand and given general satisfaction. One of these is a reversible horse power for grinding feed, cutting fodder, sawing wood, pumping water, and, in fact, for all other purposes in which power is required. An illustration of the power is given in this issue, and we can endorse it as one of the easiest running we know of, besides being the most easily regulated.

The Monarch Ensilage Cutter manufactured by this firm, has a throat capacity of 12 1/2 by 4 inches, and is supplied with Mortons reversible throat lining. It is a well known fact that the throat, or piece which the knife cuts against, will wear rounding, and prevent the knife from cutting easy and perfectly, especially if made from cast or chilled iron. The patent throat lining in the Monarch is made from the best tool steel, and is so arranged as to allow the operator four new and different cutting edges without extra cost. As an example of the difference between using iron or steel in such a place, take the case of a pair of shears. How long would they hold an edge and keep in easy cutting order if made of iron? It is equally as important to have good steel in the throat piece of a cutter for the knife to cut against as it is in the case of a pair of shears. The Company import all their steel direct from Sheffield, England, hence everything manufactured by them is warranted to contain first class material. The capacity of the Monarch Cutter, when attached to a two horse Morton Power, is one ton per hour.

They also manufacture an Adjustable Swing Saw Table, which is especially designed for use with their powers, as well as a Feed Grinder, which has a capacity of 10 to 15 bushels per hour with their two horse power. They manufacture a special power for grain elevators and stationary purposes which is well spoken of.

Stock Notes.

E. J. & E. W. HANDY, of Ocoila, Livingston County, have sold to R. Barber, of Sudbury, Rutland County, Vermont, a choice ram lamb. He was bred by them and got by La Negro (E. J. & E. W. H. No. 1) out of a Q. C. Rich ewe (No. 5), which was purchased from J. T. Stickney by the Messrs. Handy.

Messrs. Wm. & Alex. McPherson, of Howell, are offering four choice Shorthorn bulls for sale, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns. They are unusually well bred, all recorded, and will be sold at reasonable prices. They are all bred by Waterloo Duke 34972, one of the best bred bulls in the State and a noted show animal.

We note that the Ayrshire cow is still held in high esteem in parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania where dairying is largely followed. We believe that in the rush for new breeds the merits of the Ayrshire have been lost sight of, and less worthy animals selected. The finest dairy cow, in our opinion, that we ever saw was a half bred Shorthorn and Ayrshire—the produce of an Ayrshire cow and a Shorthorn bull.

COL. ROGERS, of the Orchard Lake Military Academy, has one of the best herds of Ayrshire cattle in the country, all registered stock, and is offering animals of both sexes at very low prices. If you want a nice family cow, or a good dairy cow, give the Ayrshire a trial. If you want a larger animal, whose calves will sell to the butcher, get a good Shorthorn bull and cross on them. You will then have a class of dairy stock that you can rely upon every time.

Mr. E. J. FOSTER, Chelsea, Washtenaw Co., sends us the following list of sales from his flock of Merinos:

To Mr. George Taylor, of Morgan, Texas, 10 rams, including stock ram Gen. Dix 3d, (36 pounds fleece last spring at public hearing).
To J. Reimannschneider, Chelsea, one ram.
To M. Merkel, Sylvan, Washtenaw County, one ram.
To Wm. Meunier, Franciscan, one ram.
To J. Miller, Chelsea, one ram.
To John Stapish, Chelsea, one ram.
To Mrs. Wm. Nutton, Franciscan, one ram.
To John McJernan, Chelsea, half interest in Sheldon ram No. 15, bred by M. S. Sheldon 48.
To Thomas Hein, Chelsea, one ram.

Mr. G. F. HARRINGTON, Paw Paw, sends us the following item to correct false impressions in regard to his stock: "It has been reported by some that the Poland-Chinas I showed at the Fairs, and with which I was so successful in winning first premiums, were not bred by me, but were fitted for the show ring. Now I want to correct this mistake. Out of the eleven Poland-Chinas that I won first prizes with at the Michigan State Fair, held at Kalamazoo, and also at the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Fairs, held at South Bend, Ind., eight of them I bred, and all of them were fitted by myself. I don't know that I will show any stock at the fairs next fall, but from the choice sows in my herd bred to such boars as Magnate 5689, winner of first in class and sweepstakes at Kalamazoo, and first at South Bend, the young boar Royal Sambo, winner of first premiums wherever exhibited the past fall, and Cora Prince out of Cora Shellenberger 2880, and sired by Look-no-Further 4005, I think I will have some good show pigs to sell next season."

Mr. GEORGE W. STUART, whom most of our readers know to be constitutionally opposed to jokes, or anything tending to hilarity, sends us the following anecdotal singular story that occurred in our "Stock Notes" last week:

"In this week's issue I notice in the report of sales of Jersey Reds by L. L. Brooks, that he has sold to C. H. Ingersoll, Delta, Eaton Co., 'two ewes and a boar.' Will you please inform me if these ewes are of the fine woolled breed, and if it is the intention of Mr. Ingersoll to cross the Jersey Reds upon them? Being a breeder of Jersey Red swine, I am greatly interested in this matter. I have often thought the cross would prove successful, and hope it may extend the interest in Jersey Reds."

Such a cross would put an end to the necessity of crossing the fine wools with a brush dipped in red paint, as was done by the exhibitors of Downs at the Fat Stock Show. Another good that might result from such a cross is this: We asked friend George once what was the best point in the Jersey Reds? After thinking some time, and rubbing his head to assist him in considering the knotty point, he said: "The best thing I know about them is that they sell well." Now if crossing them on fine wools would carry this characteristic with it the sheep business would be greatly helped, as the Merino is more susceptible of improvement in this direction than any other. By the way, the compositor who set "ewes" when it should have been "sows," has been tried, condemned, and sentenced to imprisonment for life—or until our good-natured Governor lets him loose again upon a long-suffering community.

Sheep and Wool Notes.

Last week 1,500 sheep pelts were sold in the New York market on a basis of 25 cents per pound for the pulled wool.

MR. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, Livingston County, is in Vermont about new sheep. He predicts renewed interest in the sheep business the coming year.

FARMERS who are sacrificing their sheep because at present prices of wool they are not profitable, should try another plan. Let them use bucks that will bring the shearing average of their flocks two pounds per head, and they will again find a flock of sheep the most profitable of any stock on the farm.

THE N. Y. Economist was one of the most persistent howlers for low-priced wool, so we could "manufacture goods for the whole world," as its editor expressed it. Well, manufacturers have had cheap wool for two years now, and the Economist is constrained to say: "Wool dealers and wool growers have had good cause to grumble at the low price of wool, but we hope to see wool do better soon, when all may participate in better times. Everything now points to better trade in wool and wools." Making goods for the world does not seem to have prospered the manufacturers so much as expected, and the Economist is sharp enough to see it. Although a pronounced free trader, it has taken the back track on wool, and wants better prices and better times for wools and woolens.

HON. D. W. SMITH, President of the National Cattle Growers' Association, is one of the favorite candidates in the west for the position of Commissioner of Agriculture. We want a Western or Middle States man, but think Mr. Smith's position in regard to cattle disease legislation likely to develop a good deal of antagonism to his appointment. We also hear the name of M. W. Dunham, of Illinois, mentioned as a possible candidate, and if he will consent to accept it his friends will make a strong fight for him. There is nothing of the Boston dude about Mr. Dunham, but he is a shrewd, observing man, who always manages to "get there" when he starts for anything.

DR. AUGUSTUS VOELCKER, consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and well known as a writer upon various agricultural topics, and especially for his researches into the results of green manuring, died recently at the age of sixty-two. Agriculturists of the civilized world are deeply indebted to Dr. Voelcker, and his work and writings have largely aided in the development of scientific agriculture.

The following table shows the exports of wheat and corn, including wheat in flour, from all American ports from Sept. 1, 1884, to Dec. 20, 1884, and the same time in previous years:

	Wheat.	Corn.
1884	42,852,000	6,359,000
1883	38,697,000	14,046,000
1882	34,338,000	2,619,000
1881	34,000,000	13,644,000

VOLUME I of the American Southdown Record is out and the breeders of Southdown sheep are happy.

MICHIGAN MERINO SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

Annual Address of President S. B. Hammond of Kalamazoo.

Gentlemen of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association.—We are assembled once again in this favored place, where we have been wont to meet from year to year during the last half decade; where we have held mutual and friendly intercourse, engaged in hearty hand-shaking, reviewed the work of the year that had passed, and made provision for the work to follow in the coming year. The same routine is before us now. It is a matter of great pleasure and congratulation that none of our members have fallen victim to the common enemy and destroyer of the race, so far as I am informed, and that notwithstanding the decline in the prices of the products of our flocks, and the general depression that inevitably followed, there still remains an interest in the business of breeding and raising Merino sheep, that the reverses of a single year or two cannot entirely kill, although it may be somewhat decimated. That the interest in sheep-breeding and wool-growing should flag during so protracted a decline and depression is no marvel. It is thoroughly characteristic of the American people to pursue that which promises the quickest reward, and consequently to abandon the pursuit of that which only offers a promise of reward in the indefinite future. And, acting upon this too common principle, farmers and wool-growers have always shifted their flocks to a greater or less extent, whenever the price of wool declined, or the demand for their sheep decreased. That this is not always the wisest thing to do, is clearly proven from the history of the past. Since my recollection, and I may say ever since the first introduction of fine woolled sheep into this country, there have been periods of panics in the sheep and wool markets, that have driven thousands of sheep to the slaughter pens, and made two and three year old breeders faint hearted and stomach sick.

The present crisis is not yet nearly so bad as in 1863-9, or as in 1852-3, when thousands of sheep were slaughtered for their pelts and tallow, and were bought for 50 cents to \$1.50 per head. In more recent years even prices of pelts have also sunk as low, within a cent or two of a pound, as they are at present. In 1876 fine Ohio clothed wools grading "X, XX, and above," were sold in Philadelphia and Boston, in August of that year, as low as 37 cents, having declined from 48 cents in January and March of that year, and from 54 and 55 cents in March and January of the preceding year. In 1879 the same wools were sold as low as 35 cents in the same markets in January and March, and only 30 cents in August. In the same year, fine washed wools sold in these markets at 20 cents in the months of January and March, and 21 cents in August, while in 1880 the same wools brought 35 cents in January, 48 cents in March, and 27 cents in August; and washed fleeces "X, XX, and above," sold at 53 cents in January, 57 cents in March and 48 cents in August; and "medium combing" ran as high as 70 cents in March of that year, and declined to 30 cents in August. You will see from these few quotations how extreme and sudden the fluctuations have been in the price of wools in the past. To-day, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia washed fleeces, XX, and above, are worth in the Boston and Philadelphia markets \$4 to 55 cents, and have remained at about those prices for many months. While this seems exceedingly low to the grower, and really is below a remunerative price wool has not declined during the past two years, as much as other staple articles of production and manufacture. The percentage of decline in wool from July, 1882, to September, 1884, according to a circular issued by Justice Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia, was 20 per cent, while cotton showed a decline of 17 per cent, beef, per bbl., 20 per cent; hogs, per lb., 23 per cent; mess pork, per bbl., 26 per cent; corn, per bu., 28 per cent; wheat, per bu., 37 per cent; nails, per keg, 40 per cent; steel rails, per ton, 54 per cent. So that when the market of staple articles of production and manufacture are so depressed, and sheep are discussed, it seems to me so plain that "he who runs may read," that sheep and wool are as fully remunerative at the present time, as almost any other branch of industry, and especially that of farm products.

Then, what is apparently for our best interests, to continue in the business, or abandon it for something that pays less, gives more worry of body and mind, and that is as subject to fluctuations as is sheep raising?

We are advised by some leading journals, and individuals of acknowledged ability, to convert the Merino into a mutton producing animal, to breed for greater size, and pay less attention to the wool product. Well, I am quite ready to accept the proposition of increased size, I am not willing to sacrifice quantity and quality of fleece to obtain it. The thoroughbred Merino sheep is essentially a wool producing animal, and when an attempt is made to divert it from its true mission, the attempt will of necessity prove fruitless, or an utter failure.

There is a "happy medium" between the two extremes, that see the sheep after ground to occupy, as to size. What seems to me a matter of greater importance than any other thing or things in the matter of breeding, is the production of a more desirable fleece, on a well developed carcass. Many of us have come to think that the production of a fleece of great weight is an essential quality in a sheep, and especially so in a stock ram. In the majority of cases this is attained at the expense of other qualities of greater value. We have made rapid strides in the work of producing within our own State, animals of great size, and also of great shearing capacity. At the public shearings held under the auspices of this Association, it has been demonstrated that Michigan sheep have the lead of few if any other States in the production of sheep or fleeces of acknowledged merit. Our shearings have brought Michigan to the front more fully than any other thing connected with the work of the Association, and have paid many times the cost to the parties making exhibits, and the breeders at large.

(Continued on eighth page.)

Poetry

SNOWFLAKES.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Not sinned against and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;
Under the Holly Bough,
Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past, unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly Bough.
—Charles Mackay.

SLUMBER-SONG.

O Sleepy man, Sleepy man, why do you stay
In the islands of Slumber, far, far away?
O Sleepy man, Sleepy man, hasten along
With your tangle and jingle and lullaby song:
Come from your home, far out on the sea,
And play a sweet tune to baby and me.
Two little hands, so weary with play,
Two little feet, that have wandered all day,
Two laughing eyes that open will keep
Because their owner has no time to sleep.
Sleepy man, Sleepy man, hasten along
With your tangle and jingle and lullaby song;
Play a sweet tune till the laughing eyes close,
And away to the islands of Slumber he goes.
—Clara J. Denton.

Miscellaneous.

MISS MADISON'S MATCH.

Madge Madison was good-looking. She was neither too tall nor too short, too plump nor too skinny. She had a clear complexion, regular features, and a pair of wonderfully attractive liquid gray eyes. She had also an undeniable knack of so manipulating her sometimes rather shabby clothes that the beholder ceased to remark their shabbiness in the distinction of the wearer. Not that she liked shabby clothes—she loathed them with a fervor few people credited her with, but she was essentially a self-contained person, and endured the minor ills of life with graceful fortitude. The Madisons had never had any money to speak of, and just now things had come to a crisis with them.

"What on earth's to be done with all you girls?" Colonel Madison had asked, helplessly, of his four motherless daughters that morning at breakfast.

It was the Christmas holidays, and the three younger ones had, of course, turned up with the Christmas bills, equally importunate and inopportune to their impecunious father. Three more mouths to be filled, three fine, tall, growing girls to be clad in something, and the school bills going on merrily all the time. No wonder the wretched Colonel groaned over his quiver full.

"We must marry," said Lillian, the beauty.

"We must work," said Ethel, who took life seriously, and had "views."

"Thank goodness, I'm too young for anything heroic to be expected of me," said Barbara, the baby, pouting.

"Has anything particular happened?" asked Madge.

"The bank has gone, and with it all I had, except my pension," said the unfortunate Colonel, sighing deeply. "When I die you will all of you be paupers, so it will be better for you to set about doing something for yourselves before the bad day comes. For your sakes, children, I shall take every imaginable care of my self; but, alas! the best of us are but mortal." The affecting thought was too much for the unlucky parent. He lapsed into a melancholy taciturnity for the remainder of the meal.

At its conclusion, Madge, who had been thinking matters over, said: "Father, you are right about our doing something for ourselves. I can not be a governess. I don't know enough; but old Lady Dumbledon wants a company-keeper. I'll ask her to take me. I shall be earning \$60 a year, and at the same time be relieving you of one of your incumbrances."

"You're a good girl, Madge. I am sorry to sacrifice you, I am sure; but I don't see any help for it."

Miss Madison was a girl of action. She speedily had all the preliminaries settled with Lady Dumbledon, whose service she was to enter toward the end of January. But before taking up her new duties she permitted herself the relaxation of a visit to a school friend now well married and living in Kensington.

She returned from this outing somewhat pensive, and, in reply to the affectionate badinage of her sisters, suffered it to be elicited that she had met a man at her friend's house whom in more fortunate circumstances she could have secured a good deal for. Unhappily if, as she owned that she suspected, the favorable impression had been mutual, there could be no results from it. Her too brief visit had come to an end; and she and her delightful fellow guest separated after their three days' chance acquaintanceship, in all human probability never to meet again. Such is life and—luck!

She had, however, miscalculated the power of her own attractions. On the eve of starting for Lady Dumbledon's she received a singular letter from the man whose good fortune it had been so strongly to recommend himself to her.

fortune for her acceptance. Circumstances connected with his accession to fortune necessitated his immediately starting for Australia, and would keep him out of England for a year. Would she forgive his precipitate wooing out of charity for the violence of his passion for her, and promise to become his wife as soon as he returned home?

This, denuded of many passionate expressions of regard, was the substance of the letter.

Miss Madison carried it to her father.

"What shall you do, child?" he asked, anxiously.

"I will take your advice, but I am inclined to accept Mr. White's offer," she added, casting down her eyes and growing a little pale.

"You were always a most sensible girl, Madge, and to be trusted about your own affairs. Accept him by all means, if you feel you can."

Thus encouraged by her family Miss Madison accepted her fate. In return for her complaisance she received a rapturous (registered) letter of thanks, enclosing a magnificent diamond betrothal ring. Mr. White passionately deplored his hard luck in being obliged to embark without snatching one brief interview with his betrothed, but his ship was sailing that night, and he had no time to come down to Norwood.

Miss Madison's circumstances having undergone this startling change, the position of humble companion, even to a lady of title, appeared inappropriate to her. The dowager Lady Dumbledon, being apprised of recent events, graciously released her from her engagement, and furthermore, invited her to spend a few days on a friendly visit. Being a kind old lady, with romantic proclivities, the Dowager even gave the bride-elect many pretty little presents, out of sheer benevolence towards a girl about to do so well for herself. It was Madge's first realization of the great truth, that to those who have (or are going to have) much, much shall be given.

The months flew by. Each mail brought long, loving letters from her betrothed, who counted the days when his hateful business should be accomplished, and he should be at last able to return and claim his bride. He began to give delicate and practical hints about the trousseau necessary to be got together, which he wished should befit the position which his dearest Madge would occupy as his honored and cherished wife. Let no scruples, he begged, on the score of economy restrain her in her preparations. The paying of the bills could be a matter for future consideration between himself and Colonel Madison.

He particularly desired that his wife should come handsomely equipped for the round of country-visits he meant to take her immediately after the first few weeks of the honeymoon were over. Miss Madison, upon this, went to the best people, and ere long had ordered a trousseau of modest and recherche magnificence. The letters of her lover became more and more ardent. He begged that the marriage might take place at Easter, when he calculated he would have just reached England. Let not false delicacy, he implored his dearest Madge, prevent her acceding to his wishes on this point.

Miss Madison had no false delicacy, and the point was conceded. Expectation in the bosom of the little circle of Norwood rose high; for Mr. White was on his way home via India, whither his miserable affairs dragged him. In a few weeks a letter came announcing that he had reached Paris, where he was just stopping en passant to buy a few pretty trifles for his bride. Then came a break of three days in the correspondence, followed by a letter from an English friend of Mr. White's who had met him at his hotel, telling of his sudden illness, brought on by over-traveling and over-excitement. After this came a short telegram announcing his death.

Terrible, terrible downfall of high hopes! Was ever any girl so much to be pitied. Madge Madison turned white to her very lips with the shock of the news. She walked blindly out of the room, up the shabby stairs, and, locking herself alone in her bedroom, sat down to face the awful collapse of her bright expectations.

The next day brought some amelioration of the situation to Colonel Madison, though his poor daughter could hardly be expected as yet to take comfort in it. The same friend wrote to say that his unfortunate fellow-countryman's last act had been to sign a hurriedly prepared will, leaving everything he possessed to his betrothed wife. He had expressed a wish that the whole Madison family should provide themselves with proper mourning, and be present at his funeral, which was to take place at Kensal-green the following Thursday. The writer stated that he was making all necessary arrangements, and should start for London with the remains that night.

The widowed bride-elect seemed stunned by the extent of her misfortune in losing thus cruelly the best and most generous of men. Her pining sisters procured her mourning, and their own, from the same celebrated artists who had executed the wedding order. The fabrics were of the richest. Severe and elegant simplicity in woe is expensive; but, what of that? Was this a time to haggle over the price of needful garments to do honor to the memory of a noble-hearted benefactor?

Thursday morning saw the whole family arrayed in their sables ready to set out on their mournful journey. A coach from the nearest jobmaster's, the driver being in decent black, so as to be in harmony with the melancholy occasion, pulled up at the door. The four black-robed young figures, with Colonel Madison, took their places in it, Barbara sitting bodkin—her eyes bright with excitement—for even a funeral was something to her, as she had but few distractions. They arrived punctual to the minute at the cemetery, and waited for the funeral cortege to appear. Time went on, but it did not come. One hour, two hours, passed in anxious expectation, and still the funeral lagged strangely on the road. Colonel Madison interviewed the officials. No notice of Mr. White's intended inter-

ment had been given. Other groups of black-robed figures came weeping, buried their dead, and went away, and still the Colonel and his daughters lingered, unwilling to be accused hereafter of any lack of respect. A cold, cutting North-easterly whirled mockingly amongst the mourners, seeming to deride and insult the mourners with his bitter cheerlessness. At length it became apparent to every one that some inexcusable mistake had been made, and the uselessness of further waiting was obvious. Colonel Madison slowly withdrew his little cohort from the field, anathematizing the wind, the officious friend of the deceased, and every available subject for displeasure.

He went that evening to Kensington to see the lady at whose house his daughter had first met her betrothed, but only to find the house was to let, and that no trace of Mrs. Bigley was to be found. Nothing, therefore, was to be ascertained from that quarter. He was at a loss to know where else to apply for information, and so waited patiently with the hope that the post would bring him some explanation.

But no such explanation came. Puzzled and furious, the Colonel telegraphed to the hotel in Paris for particulars of Mr. White's death, and the disposal of his remains. An answer came back that no such person, nor anyone answering to the description, had visited the hotel, and the proprietor indignantly denied that anyone had died suddenly under his roof. It then began to dawn upon the unfortunate family that they had been made the victims of an infamous and cruel hoax.

The Dowager Lady Dumbledon, filled with pity for the poor girl thus heartlessly made a fool of, carried her off to Brighton, charitably trusting that change of scene might assuage the acuteness of those agonies of shame and mortification that the deceived and deserted young creature must be experiencing.

The little circle wherein the Madisons moved and had their being was shaken to its foundations with indignation at the heartless cruelty of which poor Madge had been the victim. The tale of her woes leaked out in Brighton, and awoke a perfect furor of sympathy. Her behavior was pronounced as perfect—she was so quiet, so dignified, so patient under her unmerited sufferings.

Lady Dumbledon became quite proud of her young friend, who was undoubtedly the success of the moment, and received the greatest possible attention. After a few weeks, it was semi-officially given out that Sir Reginald Dacre, a young man of family and fortune and irreproachable character, had successfully sought Miss Madison's hand, though no formal engagement was to be entered into for the present, so that the poor girl might have time to recover her shattered feelings.

Meanwhile, Colonel Madison was receiving a great deal of sympathy, too. He became a feature at his club, and enjoyed a notoriety he could well have dispensed with, as the father of the young ad who had met with an extraordinary and unpleasant adventure. Every one offered him advice in the matter.

"Hang it, Colonel, the blackguard ought to be discovered and made to pay for it," cried one of his old friends energetically. "Set a detective on his track, man."

The Colonel considered his friend's advice, and, after considerable hesitation, concluded to act on it. He therefore went to Scotland Yard, and, on the suggestion of an experienced officer, he decided to take the gorgeous betrothal ring to the jeweler's whose name was in the case, in order, if possible, to ascertain something about the purchaser. Here a shock awaited him. The ring had been ordered by a lady, with instructions that it should be placed to Colonel Madison's account.

"Good heavens! Roder," he stuttered. "You dared to put a ring like that to my account without any authority of mine! Could not you see that it was a vile, infamous, disgraceful hoax?"

Mr. Roder stood high in his calling. He was sorry for the Colonel, and so at once took back the ring, expressing his regret that he should have fallen into the error complained of, but as soon as Colonel Madison had left his shop he went down to Scotland Yard and there made a certain communication which he had refrained from volunteering to his agitated customer.

A few days after this Sir Reginald Dacre's younger brother ran down from London and walked into his rooms.

"Look here, Reggy, you say you are going to marry Miss Madison," he said slowly. "Well, take my advice and—don't."

Sir Reginald's cheerful face paled.

"What do you mean, he asked in a passion.

"I mean that she is too clever for poor, stupid fellows like you and me. That

hoax was all a plant, got up by herself from beginning to end. The man never existed. He was a myth. She took in her own people, she took in old Dumbledon, and she all but took in Scotland Yard, into whose hands poor old Madison at last put the affair. The only person, fortunately for you, that she did not take in was old Roder."

—London Truth.

A Story of a Smart Ram Down South.

The most sagacious sheep in North Carolina is an old ram that belongs to J. A. Adcock in Sand Creek township. He can not only distinguish the persimmon trees from trees of other growth in the pastures but has learned how to get the fruit down from them. This he does by butting the tree. He gets off a suitable distance, stands on his hind legs as if in the attitude of fighting, and strikes the tree a vigorous blow with his head. When he has shaken the persimmons off he quietly eats them and goes on his way until his appetite demands more. This wise old ram used to rob the apple trees in the same way. —Henderson Gold Leaf.

Messrs. Forrest & Co., of Brooklyn, New York, are now selling an Electric Belt for \$1 which has heretofore sold at \$6. Such a large reduction is worth considering on any kind of goods, and we would advise those of our readers who are troubled with any of the diseases set forth in their advertisement in this issue to which we refer you, to send for the Belt and test its merits.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIMENT.

"I don't think," said Mr. White "that the hay-crop ever promised so finely."

"Indeed!" said his wife, absently. "And if there isn't any fall in the price of fruit," he added, "our peach-orchard is going to net us a cool hundred dollars."

As he spoke, he flung the housepony towel with which he had been wiping his hands over the back of the kitchen chair. "Oh, George, do hang up the towel!" said Mrs. White. "The nail is just as near as the chair-back, and I have enough steps to take in the course of the day, without waiting upon you."

"You are always grumbling about something," said the young farmer, as he jerked the towel on to its nail. "There! Does that suit you?"

"Here is a letter from Cousin Dora, George," said Mrs. White, wisely avoiding the mooted question. "She wants to come here and board for a few weeks."

"Well, let her come," said White. "It won't cost us a great deal, and a little extra money always counts up at the year's end."

"But, George, I was thinking—" "About what?"

"Why, I am so hurried with the work, and there is so much to do—" "That is the perpetual burden of your son," said Mr. White, irritably. "Women do beat all for complaining!"

"Won't you hear me out?" said Mrs. White. "So I thought it would be a good plan to give Dora her board, if she would help me with the housework a little. It will accommodate her, and it will accommodate me."

"But it won't accommodate me," said George White, cavalierly. "Really, Letty, you are getting absolutely lazy."

Mrs. White crimsoned.

"No one ever said that to me before," said she.

"But just look at it," said the farmer. "Tell me of any other woman in the neighborhood who keeps a girl! Why, they make a boast of doing their own work."

"They all have sisters, or mothers, or grown daughters! I have none."

"Pshaw!" said White. "Ridiculous! Of course you have to work. We all do, don't we? But your work don't amount to a row of pins. I don't know of any one who has it easier than you do."

"That is all that you know about it!" said Letty, in a choked voice.

"Write to Dora that we'll board her for five dollars a week," said White, authoritatively. "We must earn all the money we can while there is a chance. Make hay while the sun shines, eh? And I guess you'll manage to get along as well as other women do, Letty. Now run up stairs into the garret, my dear, and get me my blue jean overalls, there's a good girl."

Letty obeyed, but the tears were in her eyes, and a big round ball was rising up in her throat, and she could hardly see the jeans overalls, as they hung up high on one of the beams.

As she reached up, a loose board in the garret-floor tipped; her foot slipped through on the laths and plaster below, and, with a groan, she sank to the floor. The time passed on, and George White grew tired of waiting.

He shouted up the garret stairway: "Look alive there, Letty! Do you mean to be all day?"

But no answer came. He ran up stairs, to find Letty lying senseless on the floor, with one leg broken, just above the ankle.

"Now you'll have to get some one to do the work," said Letty, not without a spice of malice, as she lay on the calico-covered settee, with her poor ankle duly set and bandaged.

"Not if I know it," said George White. "Hire a lazy woman who'll want a dollar and a half a week, and her board into the bargain, to do the work of this house? I guess not!"

"But what are you going to do?" asked Letty.

"To do it myself, to be sure. Half an hour every morning and half an hour every evening ought to be enough to square up accounts."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "I shall just like to see you do it!"

"Then you'll have your wish," said her husband.

He rose early the next morning and lighted the kitchen fire.

"Pshaw!" said he, as he piled on the sticks of wood, "what does a woman's work amount to, anyhow? What's the next lesson, Letty?"

"I always skim the cream and strain the milk," said Letty, who, bolstered up on the lounge, was combing her hair with more deliberation than she had practiced for a year.

"Well, here goes then," said George. And a period of silence ensued.

Presently he shouted: "I haven't got milk-pans enough!"

"Of course you haven't!" said Letty. "You must scold us yesterday's."

"You know you scolded me up a tin-shop when I asked for a dozen more last month."

"They smell like a fat-bolling factory," said George, disdainfully. "What ails 'em?"

"You should have scalded them out last night," sighed Letty, wishing that she had wings like a dove, that she might soar in to the milk-room and restore order out of chaos.

"Here's a go!" said George. "There isn't any hot water."

"Oh, George, you've forgotten to put the kettle on!"

"So I did," said her husband. "And the sticks, hang 'em, are all burned out!"

"You know I wanted you to get a ton of coal," said Letty; but you said that as long as wood cost nothing but the chopping and hauling, wood it should be."

"Have I got to wait for that confounded water to heat?" groaned George.

"I don't know anything else for you to do," remarked Letty, dryly.

"Humph!" observed her lord and master. "What's for breakfast?"

"Ham and eggs, I suppose."

"Well, I'm up to that part of the programme, at least," said he cheerfully.

"Oh, the dickens! What is the use of keeping your knives so sharp? I've near-

ly cut my thumb off! Where do you keep the oatmeal? I can be attending to your old milk-pans while the breakfast is cooking, I suppose. There is nothing like economy in work!"

But it was a mortal hour before the milk was strained and the pigs fed, and by that time the house was blue with a sort of smudgy smoke.

"Hullo!" shouted George, coming in. "What's all this; is the house on fire?"

"No," said Letty, calmly; "only the breakfast has burned up."

George uttered a long sigh. "Who'd have thought the fire was so hot?" said he. "What am I to do now?"

"Cook another, I suppose," answered Letty.

"And what next?" demanded George, fiercely tugging at his mustache.

"Why, set the table, and, then clear it away and wash the dishes."

"With this cut finger?" complained the husband.

"I was obliged to do it all the weeks I had that sore felon on my middle finger," remarked Letty. "The young turkeys and geese ought to have been let out and fed long before this; and the three calves in the barnyard must be attended to. And then there are the kitchen and sitting-room to be swept and dusted, and the beds to make, and string-beans to be picked, and bread to bake, and huckleberry pies to make, and your white vests to be ironed, and potatoes to be peeled, and the preserves to be scalded over, and the cheeses to be turned, and dinner to get, and the table to be cleared, and the dishes to be washed—"

"Hold on!" cried George; "you've said that once."

"Very likely, but it has to be done three times a day—and the chickens to be looked after, and the linen pillow-cases to be put bleaching, and the south windows to be washed, and your trowsers to be patched, and the stockings to be darned, and the fire to make up again, and tea to be prepared—you know you always like something hot for supper. And then the night's milk to be brought in and strained, and the pans scalded, and the geese and turkeys fed and shut into their coops, and—oh, dear! I entirely forgot the churning! That will take an hour at least. But, dear me, George, I am getting so hungry!—I don't see the least signs of breakfast. George! Where are you going, George? I want—my—breakfast!"

For George had "disappeared," in the midst of her exordium.

In twenty minutes or so he returned, and by his side trudged Mary Ann Pult, the nearest neighbor's twenty-year-old daughter.

"I take it all back," said Mr. White. "I lower my colors, Letty. Your work is harder than mine. I'll be everlastingly blest if it ain't. Why, I couldn't take care of the milk, and cream and cheeses for the wages a girl would ask. I never realized before how much a woman had to do."

"Are you quite sure you realize it now?" said Letty mischievously.

"Well, I've got a pretty fair idea on that subject," nodded George.

"But you should be here on washing-day," said Letty, "or on ironing-day, or on the days when we chop sausage meat, or make soft soap, or—"

"Stop, stop!" shouted George. "If you say another word, I'll go for Mahala Binks, too. Haven't I said that I take it all back? What more would you have?"

"Wal, squire," said Mary Ann, who had by this time removed her hat and shawl, "what'll I do first?"

"Do!" echoed Mr. White. "Do everything, and let me get off to the hay-field as fast as I can."

"Jes' as your orders is," said Mary Ann.

"And I say, Letty," he added. "Yes, George."

"Write to your cousin Dora. Tell her we'll be glad to board her, if she will assist you about the house."

"But you've hired Mary Ann?" "There's work for 'em both," said Mr. White.

And he sat down, and took refuge in last week's paper, while Mary Ann wrestled with the charred remains of the breakfast, and cut fresh slices of home-cured ham.

In this world, there are bloodless battles and victories won without the clash of steel; and in this category may be classed Mrs. White's victory over her husband, in respect to the question of "hired help."

Lost in the Snow.

Among the arrivals from the far north the other night, says the St. Paul Day, was a traveling man whose experiences entitle him to the name of Joe Mulhatton of the Northwest, except that unlike Mulhatton, he relies wholly on facts in narrating his adventures. "Have only been out a few days this time," he said after welcoming a reporter; "but I expect to go out in the Coteau range again. I'll never forget my experience there last December. I struck through on a pony from Brown's Valley to Wilmot and trailed my grips on a toboggan. I hadn't been half an hour out of the valley before an infernal blizzard from the north pole swooped down on the prairie and the snow was so thick that a coyote tried to snatch the biscuit out of my pocket before he ever saw me. Well, I floundered round over that blizzard prairie with the snow getting thicker and deeper until the grass was covered, and it began to look like a pretty hopeless case with the watch pointing to 4:50 and not a shack in sight. However, I didn't give up all hope, for I knew that the cargo must be lightened somehow or the cayuse would give out long before morning. I slipped down off my back, and my legs went down so far that I thought they would never reach bottom. The snow was higher than my knees, and, to make things worse, we were on one of those interminable marshes that spread all over that infernal country, and there wasn't a square foot of solid footing for miles. I tell you it looked pretty dubious. My pony kept lifting one foot and then another to keep from sinking, and looked mighty wistful out of his big brown eyes, but never offered to leave. In fact he seemed to think our

safety lay in hanging together. I loosened my toboggan from the lariar and piled my grips on top of each other, and then stuck my riding whip on top of the heap with a big red handkerchief tied to it. I tore a leaf out of my order book and pencilled a hasty line, informing the finder who I was, and that I was heading south, as near as I could fetch it. I tied the note to the whip, and mounting the pony, floundered on.

"All this time the snow was getting deeper and the air fuller of the flying flakes and that north wind was whistling over the prairie at about sixty miles an hour, and the mercury in my pocket-thermometer going down so fast that I could hear it drop when I took it out to gauge the temperature. It was now nearly dark, and the snow piled up so high that my pony had to push through it plow-fashion, and the little beggar was getting terribly sick of his job. I guided myself by keeping the wind behind me, and by pulling my cap down over my ears, and keeping my collar turned up—didn't suffer as much as you might suppose. At this time the cold was increasing, and presently, to my horror, I found that a crust was forming on top of the wet snow. Then I began to give up. I knew that that pony couldn't make her way long with those icy edges tearing the hide and flesh off of him at every step. About 10 at night, as I judge, for it was too dark to see, the pony gave a kind of imploring little neigh and stood still, as much as to say, 'Well, I've done my best, but it's no use.' I sat and considered for a minute, and then threw myself off him, and I hadn't very far to go either before I struck the crust. It was already hard enough to bear me, and I began to appreciate the courage of the noble little animal that had carried me so well, when I put my hand to his side and found the blood slowly trickling down. I knew that if I could make out to get through the night that there was some hope, for most probably, the blizzard would be over in the morning, and if the crust was hard enough to bear I might find my way out. I had plenty of stuff to sharpen my teeth on in the pockets of my buffalo, and with snow on the ground I shouldn't be reduced to drinking alkali water. But it was all up with the game little cayuse. He would never leave that spot till the spring and then only in the stomachs of the vultures and carrion crows. I broke away the crust around him and by kicking at his legs finally got him to lie down. The little fellow seemed to hate it, somehow, as if he knew he would never get up again, but finally with a little whining he went down on his knees and then lay on his side. I wrapped my buffalo tight around me and nestling up close against him lay down, with him between me and the wind. I found too that the snow was now piled so high around us that it sheltered us like a wall, and altogether, as far as I was concerned, the place wasn't a bad berth, compared with some of those Dakota hotels around Anderson and Ipswich.

"I lay there thinking how I was ever to work my way out on foot, and whether, if I failed, my family would ever know what had become of me, and the next thing I knew the sun was shining in my eyes, and I found myself lying there with the sun streaming down gloriously from an elevation of several hours, while on every hand the prairie stretched with unbroken solitude, like a plain of alabaster. I got up and shook myself, and with the exception of feeling a little stiff I never was better rested in my life. Looking around my eye fell on a white heap by my side, and my thoughts at once returned to my faithful pony. I scraped the snow carefully away from his head, but it was no use; there wasn't a breath from his nostrils, and his brown eyes were wide open, as if his last look had been at the companion whom he had borne so faithfully and so far. Well, for a moment I felt like crying. I don't believe I could have felt worse over the death of a friend, when I scraped the snow away, and saw the long, ragged gashes along the sides and legs, I could feel something come up in my throat in spite of me.

"But there was something to be done and climbing out of the crust I

LIST OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Who is it who says my daughter long
And breaks my rest with midnight song?
And as the winter slowly rolls,
Burns away of gas and tons of coal?
My son—
In-law.
Who takes my darling from my side,
A happy, laughing, loving bride,
And to their cottage by the brook
Takes me along to wash and cook?
My son—
In-law.
Who is it that from time to time
Strikes me for dollar, half and dime?
And then, with humor scant and mean,
Calls me old Granny Bombazine?
My son—
In-law.
Who lingers at the festive cup,
While lonely I for him sit up,
And meet him groping for the door,
Along the smooth piazza floor?
My son—
In-law.
Who, when he takes a summer trip,
Manager to give "mamma" the slip;
That while he's out and land he'll roam
He sends his children ten at home?
My son—
In-law.
—R. W. Burdette.

Mark Twain's Honeymoon.

In opening his entertainment in Buffalo the other evening, Mark Twain said:—"I notice many changes since I was a citizen of Buffalo fourteen or fifteen years ago. I miss the faces of many of my old friends. They have gone to the tomb—to the gal-lows—to the White House. Thus far the rest of us have escaped, but be sure our turn is coming. Over us, with awful certainty, hangs one or another of these fates. Therefore, that we be secure against errors, the wise among us will prepare for them all. This word of admonition may be sufficient; let us pass to cheerier things."
"I remember one circumstance of by-gone times with great vividness. I ar-ran here after dark on a February evening in 1870 with my wife and a large com-pany of friends, when I had been a hus-band twenty-four hours, and they put us two in a covered sleigh, and drove us up and down and every which way, through all the back streets in Buffalo; until I got alarmed, and said: 'I asked Mr. Sle to get me a cheap boarding house. But I didn't mean that he should stretch econ-omy to the going outside the State to find it.' The fact was there was a practical joke to the fore which I didn't know any-thing about, and all this fooling around to give it time to mature. My father-in-law, the late Jarvis Langdon, whom many of you will remember, had been clandestinely spending a fair fortune upon a house and furniture in Delaware for me for us, and had kept his secret so well that I was the only person this side of Niagara Falls that hadn't found it out. We reached the house at last, about 10 o'clock, and were introduced to a Mrs. Johnson, the ostensible landlady. I took alarm and then my opinion of Mr. Sle's judgment as a provider of cheap boarding houses for men who had to work for their living dropped to zero. I told Mrs. Johnson there had been an un-fortunate mistake. Mr. Sle had evidently supposed I had money, whereas I only had a nickel, and so, by her leave, we would wait with her a week, and then she would keep my trunk and we would hunt our place. Then the battalion of am-bushed friends and relatives burst in on us out of closets and from behind cur-tains, and the property was delivered over to us and the joke revealed, accompanied with much hilarity. Such jokes as these will too scarce in a person's life. That was a really admirable joke, for that house was so completely equipped in every detail—even to house servants and cook—that there was nothing to do but just sit down and live in it. Well, the house isn't ours now, but we've got the choicest man yet. All these fifteen years has been a living and constant remind-er that pleasant jest. He was a spruce young stripling then, with his future all before him. He showed himself worthy of high good fortune and it has fallen thickly to his lot, beyond his most dis-tempered dreams; he's got a wife and nine children now. I would not discriminate. I would not show partiality; I wish you all the same luck."

Birds on Their Travels.

The thousands of birds that take their fall flight to the south have to encounter a great many dangers. A quail came dashing into my room one night, and was killed by the broken window-glass. Hardly a lighthouse in the country but has been struck by birds of some kind or another, and in many cases the light broken. On the Island of Heligoland, the lights have to be protected in some way, as the birds that alight there during mi-gration are legion. I have seen birds cut in two by flying against a telegraph wire; and this is often the case in the country, especially with woodcock and quail.
In Italy, the inhabitants take advantage of the habits of the birds to capture them in flocks. Mr. Cushing, the sculptor, told me that while in Italy he observed quail brought into Rome by the cart load, and upon investigation found that they were entrapped in nets. The people were familiar with the lines of flights, and along shore placed nets that were about twenty feet high. The birds on their northern journey were fat and heavy, and after crossing the Mediterranean Sea al-ways landed directly on the seashore, of-ten in vast numbers, lying off, panting with exhaustion, some actually broken open with the fall. When sufficient num-bers had landed, the net was suddenly lowered and the birds thus covered were rapidly killed with sticks or switches. The net was then raised, a cart backed up, and the birds carted off to sell at less than a cent apiece.
Large herons have been found so largely wounded and singed that it was evident that they had been struck by lightning in the air. Small birds are often down by being caught in a rain cloud or beaten to the ground.
A fisherman off the Jersey coast tells me that during a heavy gale or squall last Summer several wood thrushes were beaten out to where he was, five miles from shore, and after vainly trying to breast the storm alighted in the boat, and actually flew down so that he took one in his hand, completely worn out and drenched with rain and so heavy that it could not have stood it much longer.—Philadelphia Times.

Hunting a Cholera Germ.

Dr. Edward O. Shakespeare has the only specimen of the comma bacillus, or Asiatic cholera germ, in America. It is actually caught in a glass jar at the lid is covered an inch deep with sealing wax. It is kept locked in a little cabinet in Dr. Shakespeare's consulting room. A few days ago it was exhibited at a meet-ing of the County Medical Society, and its owner was jokingly admonished not to let it escape, as in the open air microbes would multiply at the rate of 1,000,000 a day. The comma bacillus was wagging its tail in quite a lively manner, as if eager for liberty. It beat its head against the glass and swam all around the jar looking for some aperture by which it might re-join the open air. It was captured about three months ago in France. During its confinement it has lived on a piece of dried beef about the size of a pea.
Friday morning Dr. Shakespeare was entertain-ing a practitioner from Pottsville, and as an intellectual treat he of-fered to show him the only cholera germ on this side of the Atlantic. At first the country doctor felt nervous, but after a while his fears were overcome and the microbe uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm. The germ was nowhere to be found. The jar was empty.
"The darned thing's escaped," shouted the German from Pottsville. Then he added, "What does the question was put. 'Only smaller.'"
At a moment the Pottsvillian's head was under the table. He panted out to Dr. Shakespeare a request to shut the jar, and then commenced to scour the room for the microbe. "If the thing gets out," he said, pale with fright, "the cholera will be here and it'll be our fault." "I've got it," suddenly cried Dr. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, who, while the hunt was progressing, had returned to the bottle and taken another peep. The microbe had climbed up to the top of the jar and was hidden in a crevice between the lid and the neck. The gentleman from Pottsville threw himself back in a chair and took ten minutes to recover his breath. Then he cautiously examined the object of his search. "You'd better kill it," he suggested.
"That's a great idea," the owner of the germ exclaimed. Then with a powerful chemical he deprived the dangerous organism of life, so that his neighbors may no longer be harassed with dread of its getting its liberty.—Phil. Press.

Breaking It Gently to Him.

A young scion of our financial aristoc-racy, who had been on an extended yachting tour in the South Seas for sev-eral months, and out of reach of all tele-graphic and epistolary communication, returned home the other day. He was met by an old and faithful employe of the house.
"Well, Mike, how goes it?" said the young man.
"Bad enough, Master John, for your poor jackdaw is dead."
"Is he, indeed? Poor Jack! He has gone the way of all flesh. How did he die?"
"Well, they don't rightly know, sir; but they think he must have overreached himself."
"The greedy fellow. What did they give him so much for?"
"Well, sir, it seems he must have got to the place where the dead horses were lying."
"Dead horses? What dead horses?"
"The carriage horses. It was a very bad day and a heavy road, and they were kept standing."
"When? What day? What road?"
"The road to the cemetery, sir, and the day of the funeral."
"What funeral?"
"Why, the Mistress's, sir;"
"Not my mother's?"
"The same sir, rest her soul. She took the master's death so much to heart that she didn't live three days after him."
"The master's! Heavens, Mike, do you tell me I have lost both my parents?"
"The devil a lie in it, sir. The poor old Master took to his bed when he re-ceived the bad news, and never left it, till they put him in his coffin."
"What bad news? What was the intel-ligence that affected the old gentleman so deeply?"
"The run on the bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the House is gone, and you are not worth a dollar."—The Judge.

A Terrible Weapon.

The most terrible engine of destruc-tion yet produced is the mitrailleuse or machine gun invented by Mr. Maxim, of London. In this gun, as described by the London Engineering, all the functions of loading, cocking, firing, withdrawing the empty shell from the barrel and eject-ing it are performed by the recoil result-ing from the explosion. It has but one barrel. The cartridges, to the number of 333, are placed side by side in a canvas belt, secured together with brass eyelets and straps. One end of this belt is con-nected to the arm, and the gun is op-erated by hand until the cartridge is driven into the barrel. The trigger is then pulled, this cartridge explodes, the breech bolt is unlocked from the barrel, the empty case is extracted, moved to one side, a loaded cartridge is brought in, in front of the barrel, the arm is cocked, the cartridge pushed home, the trigger pulled, when the explosion of the second cartridge operates the same as the first. The firing may thus be kept up auto-matically without any action on the part of the attendant as long as there are any cartridges in the belt. The apparatus for sighting the gun, changing its direction, and preventing any motion resulting from the explosion is said to be perfect and very easily manipulated. The gun is four feet nine inches from the muzzle to the rear of the firing mechanism. It can deliver 600 shots per minute, and the gun-ner is free all the while to concentrate his whole attention upon the aim. It would seem that such a weapon, when brought to bear on any object, could not fail to accomplish its work of destruction. The marvelous rapidity of firing, the steadiness of aim, and its necessarily ter-rific effect, are regarded by English mili-tary authorities as giving the new ma-chine gun greater value than any other similar weapon possesses.—Cincinnati Times.

A Terrible Weapon.

A man's animosity toward a political opponent is sometimes so bitter that it does not cease even when the opponent is dead. A year or two ago a gentleman who had figured most prominently not only in the history of Massachusetts but in the history of the country, suddenly came to the end of a long and useful life. On the day of the funeral one of the strongest political enemies of the de-ceased, and a man whose name is well known to every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth, was asked: "Are you going to attend Mr. —'s funeral to-day?" "No," responded the distinguished gentleman deliberately; "but (dryly) I wish you to understand I heartily approve of it."

VARITIES.

CARRYING A CONCEALED WEAPON.—"Why do you refuse to live with your wife?" inquired Judge Duffy of Dennis Mulcahy.
"Because I'm in dread of me loffe wid her."
"How is your life endangered?"
"She steals upon me, yer Honor, wid a concealed weapon. She has it on her person now."
"It's a lie, Judge. The truth's not in him!" shouted Mrs. Mulcahy.
"Silence, woman!" said the Judge. "Con-stantly, has any concealed weapon been found on this woman?"
"No, yer Honor."
"Then what do you mean by saying that your wife carries a concealed weapon?"
"What do I mean is it? If ye were married to her you'd know what I mean!"
"Can't the court find out without getting married to her?"
"You can, yer Honor. Just say something to raise her temper, and she'll unscrew that old concealed wooden leg of hers and clane out the court."—Texas Siftings.

The Compass Plant.

A correspondent of the American Cul-tivator thus describes a curious plant com-mon on the prairies of the west:
"The compass plant of the western prairies has long been regarded as one of wonders of the vegetable kingdom. The large and long root leaves of this plant twist on their stalks and stand with their edges pointed North and South. So marked is this polarity, as it is called, that hunters and explorers early noticed it, and made a practical use of it in their wanderings. The first record which was ever made of this peculiar habit of the compass plant was given by Brevet Major Benjamin Alvord, U. S. A., in 1842. An-other common mention appeared from him in 1844. But so incredulous were sci-entists to accept this wonderful story that Major Alvord, in 1849, presented another communication before a body of scientists in Cambridge, and confirmed his state-ments by those of other army officers who had seen the plants.
"The compass plant grows from Michi-gan to 300 or 400 miles west of the Missis-sipi. It is common on the prairies. The plant is often known as rosin weed, to botanists as *Silphium laciniatum*.
"There have been many conjectures as to why the leaves of the compass plant assume this perpendicular position. Ma-jor Alvord at first supposed that the leaves had taken up so much iron as to become magnetic, but a chemical analy-sis disproved this hypothesis. He next supposed that from the resinous char-acter of the leaves they were rendered sus-ceptible to electric currents. As resin is a non-conductor of electricity this suppo-sition soon fell. A microscopical exam-ination of the leaves reveals the true cause of the phenomena. Both surfaces of the leaf have the same structure and are equally sensitive to light. Both sides of the leaf, therefore, struggle for the sun-light, and by taking the perpendicular position the light becomes the same on both sides.
"Other plants than the silphium are found to show signs of decided polarity, though in a less marked degree. One in stance, but one which has escaped atten-tion until the present summer, is the com-mon garden lettuce. The leaves on the flowering stems stand with their edges pointing north and south."
Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in great poverty in London. He has at least one com-panion, he can never be as poor as his poetry.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Special Offer For 90 days
THE BEST ELECTRIC BELT EVER MADE ONLY \$1
Having obtained the sole right to sell the German Electro-Galvanic Belt in America from the inventor, Prof. Conrad Zengerling of Berlin, we are determined to make the belt the one to introduce into this country. The price of the belt has always been six dollars (\$6.00) but we are now offering it for only one dollar (\$1.00) to introduce it into this country. The belt is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to cure all the following diseases: Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Neuritis, Sciatica, Paralysis, Palsy, St. Vitus's Dance, Epilepsy, Hysteria, and all the diseases of the nervous system. The belt is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to cure all the following diseases: Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Neuritis, Sciatica, Paralysis, Palsy, St. Vitus's Dance, Epilepsy, Hysteria, and all the diseases of the nervous system. 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